

A N
O D E
T O T H E
H U M A N E S O C I E T Y,

PERFORMED AT
FREE-MASONS' HALL,
FEBRUARY 13, 1786,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Dr. ARNOLD,
Dr. HAYES,
T. S. DUPUIS, Esq.
Wm. PARSONS, Esq.

Dr. WORGAN,
Dr. COOKE,
THE. AYLWARD, M. P. G. C.
R. HUDSON, M. B.

WRITTEN BY
EDWARD BURNABY GREEN, Esq.

To which is added, several detach'd Parts of

An ORATORIO called *ELIJAH*,
By THO. SK. DUPUIS.

The MUSIC (entirely new) composed by

J. W. CALCOTT, M. B.

LONDON: PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1786.



H U M A N E S O C I E T Y.

P A T R O N,

The KING's MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

P R E S I D E N T,

The RT. HON. the EARL of STAMFORD.

V I C E - P R E S I D E N T S,

The RT. HON. LORD BEAUCHAMP, M. P.

The RT. HON. LORD WILLOUHBY DE BROKE.

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T R E A S U R E R,

Dr. LETTSOM.

R E G I S T E R,

Dr. HAWES.

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O D E
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H U M A N E S O C I E T Y.

P A R T I.
O V E R T U R E.

C H O R U S.

RELIGION! Hail th' eternal beam,
Thy fost'ring smiles impart!
Fair Virtue wakes thy spotless theme,
Thy throne the gen'rous heart!

A I R—MASTER BARTLEMAN.

Hail source of joy! my song pervade,
The bard demands no muse's aid,
If thou inspir'st the man;
Teach me from Passion's wilds to fly,
In her, thine hand-maid Charity,
To trace Perfection's plan!

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Truth's image stamp'd on Nature's seal,
Humanity for man must feel.

[Repeat first Chorus—*Religion, Hail, &c.*

RECIT. Accomp.—MISS HARWOOD.

To Learning's voice though wit dispense
The richest stores of Eloquence,
On ev'ry note of Wisdom's tongue
The Musick of Persuasion hung,
Still vibrating with magick charm,
The Brave to soothe, the Dull to warm,
Ev'n though an Angel spake, a clear
Calm whisper through the conscious ear
Flows to the heart, in rapture flows,
And lures the finer thrill of sympathetick woes.

A I R.

The tear to wipe, to check the sigh,
To watch the pangs of Sorrow's bed,
Hygeia's genial balm supply,
And pillow'd Care with Roses spread,

The

(7)

The Tenant fits of transient Clay,
Who cheers a fellow-pilgrim's way ;
Bids Comfort's scenes his hour attend
With Brother, Father, Wife, and Friend.

C H O R U S.

Lo Infants clasp the Parent's knee,
And lift their hands in vows for thee ;
Dear to a world, be wealth, be grandeur, toys,
Thy richer meed on earth a taste of heav'nly joys.

A I R.—MISS HARWOOD.

And know, ye Gay, on Pleasure's wing
Who dream of Youth th' unvary'd Spring,
Or tost in low Ambition's hour,
Ye flutt'ers on the gale of Power,
Or You, ye slaves of sordid breast,
Possessing Wealth, by Wealth possess'd,
With care for splendid Nothings fraught,
And ye, whose care to banish thought,
Life's humbler doom instruct the pride of state,
How little are the Gay, the Wealthy, and the Great !
R E -

R E C I T. Accomp.—MR. HINDLE.

Yet beats the heart, ere clos'd to sleep
 The scarce-uplifted, languid Eye,
 Whose throbs no ling'ring vigils keep
 To hail Aurora's orient sky?
 'Tis Nature speaks! her dictates move,
 In ev'ry pulse, of life the love;
 See! palsy'd Age, whose restless frame
 "Leaves not a wreck behind" disclaim
 Death's furly nod! Th' enfeebled Seer
 Might hope one, one revolving year;
 His modest suit, "Oh! yet another Sun!
 "Much still is to be wish'd, and much is to be done."

A I R.—MR. DYNE.

But mark!—in yon sequester'd vale
 Compassion prompts Affliction's tale,
 Where fickle fortune smil'd;
 Mark to her frown the spirit bend,
 Each slacken'd Nerve its pow'r suspend,
 And ev'ry Sense beguil'd:

R E C I T. Accomp.—MR. HINDLE.

Save me !---that shriek !---the fangs of Care
 Rude grasp yon statue of Despair ;
 Some famish'd Raven, wing'd to flight,
 Screams for his prey---ah !---no !---the fight,
 As wide the sounds of Anguish roll,
 Spreads all of horrors o'er the soul,
 And wrests us from Ourselves---the cries
 Untune the musick of the skies ;
 While pausing Seraphs bend their list'ning ears,
 To soothe the bitter pang commission'd from the Spheres.

A I R.——MR. HINDLE.

She sighs, she weeps, she wrings her hand !
 Catch, Pity, catch the stream of tears,
 Meek Queen of Virtue ! on the Strand
 A Monument of Grief she rears.
 And lo ! impatient for the Grave
 Fell Suicide she wooes the wave ;
 Panting the liquid Hills she swims,
 'Till struggling, faint, her weary'd limbs,

B

Her

Her Winding-Sheet of Death the Deep
Wrapt o'er her frame, the weight of Sleep
Insensible each loaded pulse o'erpow'rs,
That falters, ere it stops to close Misfortune's hours.

R E C I T.—MASTER PRING.

Yet stops to beat again ; thou Son
Of medicinal Art,
To heal the Frame's Distemper run,
To probe the wounded heart !

A I R.—MASTER PRING.

No frowns the gen'rous aid deny ;
Slowly she heaves the leaden Eye
Of witching radiance reft ;
In Virgin-bloom her plighted Truth
Spoil'd by the lov'd, the faithless Youth,
—What ray of Comfort left ?
What last, last gleams of Hope attend ?
Ev'n CONSCIENCE is no more the Friend.

R E C I T.

R E C I T.—M^R. D Y N E.

What Infants these ? sweet Innocence,
 Thy Slumbers o'er their lids dispense !
 Thy Image, They ! too soon to break
 Their little heart-strings ! see, they wake,
 A lost, lost Mother to deplore,
 Nurse of their tender years no more !
 Yon Corse embosom'd by the Tide
 Is All their Wish, is all their Pride.

+ C H O R U S.

Worldling, of Want the widow'd Victim see,
 Who These her Orphan-Babes resigns to Heav'n and Thee !

R E C I T.—S I G. T A S C A.

Stern Winter frown'd, no lenient Gale
 Fans to her port the welcome Sail :
 O'er ev'ry shroud (a baleful freight !)
 The snow extends its dreary weight ;
 In mountains heaves the roaring main,
 When thus the Ruler of the Train.

B. 2

A I R.

/

A I R.

A mute, a melancholy Band!
 Whence the sad heart and folded hand?
 Why ev'ry thought despair?
 Oh! from the horrors of the Grave
 A Father calls from ruin; save,
 Oh, save the blooming Fair.
 See, see! where, on the pointed rock,
 Fell Ruin sits; fly, fly the shock!
 It strikes in ev'ry blast:
 They sink, they die; the Daughter's charms
 Wrapt in a loving Parent's arms,
 Thy hour, O Death! is past.

C H O R U S.

Yes! Father Thames, tho' blithe and gay
 As Airs that fan the vernal Day,
 Buoy'd on thy limpid glass the Band
 Frolick, as Health and Joy command,
 Clouds o'er the vary'd Welkin roll:
 The Triumphs of the Parent's soul,
 Some Youth, whose Genius rous'd, untimely falls,
 And swells the scene of Woe through lov'd Etonia's Walls.

End of the FIRST PART.

P A R T II.

R E C I T.—MASTER BARTLEMAN.

Pause, Trav'ler, o'er yon Hero's Tomb!
—In vain his piercing Eye
Explor'd, when such th' untimely doom,
Each India's distant sky,

A I R.

Stretch'd o'er the Surge the swelling Sail
Struts to the prosp'rous blast; they hail
Their Country's honour'd Charms;
A Wife thy ev'ry Care's controul
Awaits, oh, Chief! with thrilling Soul
Awaits thy longing arms!
See the fond Fair-one!—from her sight
Plung'd in the Wave thou sink'st to Night.

A I R.

A I R.—MR. HINDLE.

Thy bridal Sweets, the streaming Tear,
 Thy bridal Couch an Husband's bier,
 Say, hapless Wife, -what pangs were thine?
 Thou droop'st, as droops the tender Vine
 Robb'd of its Guardian Elm!

C H O R U S.

Yet weep
 No more the horrors of the deep,
 Awhile the tributary Sigh
 To Worth, like His, thy love supply!
 His doom a Kingdom's loss! yet know, the Dust
 Sounds from its dreary Shrine, that Heav'n's Decrees are just!

A I R.—SIG. TASCA.

Too cruel Ocean! Thou, whose Zone
 Of Glory wraps my native Shore,
 Why give her Warrior-sons to moan
 The Sorrows of thine hostile roar?
 Triumphant 'mid the din of Arms
 Their steady Virtues brave th' alarms.

C H O R U S.

Why, when to snatch their darling Claim,
 Fresh Laurels from the hand of Fame,
 Impatient for the fav'ring gale,
 Why close their voice to Rapture's Tale?
 Leagu'd with disastrous Fate, in savage mirth
 Why ope th' inglorious Tomb to Kempenfeldt and worth?

R E C I T.—MASTER PRING.

Yet, Ocean, Moralist of Woe,
 From Thee the kind Instructions flow ;
 For Thou, my Country's Guardian, Guide,
 To vict'ry bidst her Navies ride.

A I R.

—But hark ! while Musick's sacred sound
 Lulls ev'ry ruder sense around.
 The Train from Pity woo relief !
 Appeals to sympathetick Grief ;
 The Parent's, Infant's meek-according Charms,
 To meet the social Sigh he lifts his little arms.

T R I O

T R I O—Miss HARWOOD, MR. HINDLE, and
SIG. TASCA.

Wrap'd on the Parent's quiet breast
The Infant's lid is lull'd to rest ;
The parent, late with sorrow wild,
No longer moans a breathless Child ;
The Seer enjoys Life's ev'ning shade,
The Lover seeks the faithful Maid ;
Soft Gratitude, thy tear steals down the cheek ;
The language of the heart its more than Accents speak.

C H O R U S.

Wrapt by the Charcoal's sullen fume,
Light's fairer rays the corse relume.

A L R—MR. DYNE.

Hail to thy smiles, ingenuous Youth,
They speak the sacred love of Truth,
Speak to the very soul; thy form
Attests a God who rules the storm ;

Calm'd to thy mind the circling scene,
 No cloud to chequer the serene ;
 'T'was Nature's Sabbath ! O'er the vale,
 Scarce heaves the languor of the gale,
 Thy sum of bliss sweet Eve's inspiring walk,
 With her thy dearer wish thou join'st the social talk.

R E C I T. Accomp.—MR. DYNE.

Short is the bliss on western wing,
 With ruin fraught the welkin rolls,
 Fierce glaring wild the lightnings spring,
 And roaring thunders shake the poles ;
 It comes, the flash of Death no more
 Glides thro' thy veins the vital store,
 Cold, dead to mis'ry and to joy,
 Humanity, thy fond employ,
 With many a sigh of hopeless grief,
 With many a ling'ring hour's relief,
 Gradual awakes the toiling pulse, he lives.

C H O R U S.

He lives
 And thanks, 'tis all he can to Heav'n and Mercy give.

C

R E C I T.

R E C I T. Accomp.—MR. HINDLE.

Burst from the barriers of the Tomb,
 Be thine no Tempest's menac'd gloom!
 The choral Hymn of Musick raise
 Attun'd to consecrating praise!
 To Heav'n the breath of rapture wing;
 Strike, strike the Harp's congenial string;
 That Harp, whose living Notes inspire
 Faith's hallow'd Thought with holy fire;
 That Harp, oh! JESSE'S SON, of sov'reign Pow'r,
 Sole Solace of a Throne, when black Afflictions low'r!

C H O R U S.

" Loud from the Wat'ry Depths my Call;
 " Indulgent to the voice of Woe,
 " CREATOR, SAVIOUR, GOD OF ALL,
 " Thou lift'st me from the gulphs below.

(19)

P A R T I I I .

DETACH'D PIECES OF

An ORATORIO called *ELIJAH*,

WRITTEN BY

By T H O . S K . D U P U I S .

C H O R U S .

Hail, Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
To thee shall Israel's incense rise ;
Array'd in robes of living Light,
Descend, Great God ! O plead our right :
From thy celestial, awful Throne
Arise, and let thy wrath be known,

C 2

A I R

A I R.—MR. SALE.

For Foes like these our anger'd God
Hath blasted Israel's pride ;
For these we feel the mighty rod
That drives his Fury's tide.

A I R.—MASTER PRING.

O bid these loud emotions cease ;
Let Love, with mystic charm,
To ev'ry passion whisper peace,
And hush each rude alarm.

R E C I T. Accomp.—SIG. TASCA.

Behold the cause of all our pains.

A I R

I rage, I burn, my fev'rish veins
Glow with fervent streams of blood.
I feel throughout th' impetuous flood.

My

My Slaves, away! the Victim bear;
 Let hottest pangs his vitals tear,
 With him my cares begone away,
 Like clouds before the solar ray;
 The Sorc'rer's found,
 The tale resound,
 Rising Joys past Griefs controul,
 And transports swell my waking soul.

C H O R U S.

Ahab, recal this rash command;
 Stay, Tyrant, stay thy impious hand!
 Nor dare uplift thine anger's rod
 Against the Prophet of our God:
 He dooms to death who dare blaspheme,
 And Angels tremble at his name!
 On whirlwinds borne, his pow'r shall ride,
 And scourge the King who stalks in pride.

A I R——MASTER BARTLEMAN.

As fondly o'er her new-fledg'd Care,
 The Bird, with joy, maternal sings,
 Extends her pinions high in air,
 And shields it with her guardian wings;

While

While to each rude alarm awake,
 She trembles for the Offspring's sake ;
 Thus, from those blissful realms above,
 Your God extends the arm of Love ;
 Waits with a Father's warmth t' embrace
 His chosen Israel's fallen race.

A I R.—MISS HARWOOD.

Directed by a heav'nly Guide,
 Again shall Plenty's swelling tide
 Arise, and spread its pregnant wave,
 Our Country's thirsty soil to lave,
 And, rising from celestial source,
 Shall lavish blessings in its course.

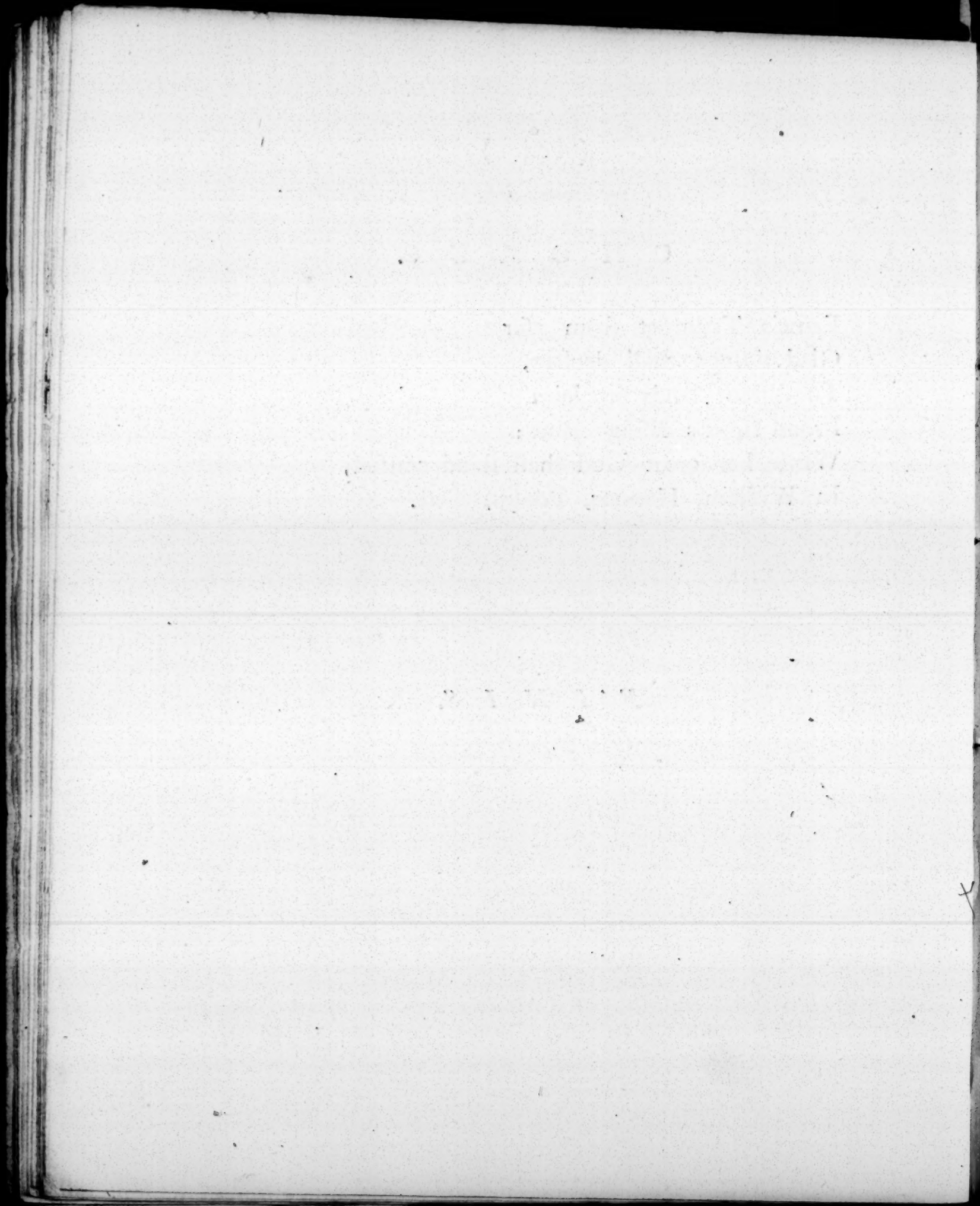
A I R.—MR. HINDLE.

Tho' you boast the wond'rous story,
 Baal's high transcendent glory
 Fears its radiance to display ;
 Israel, rouse ! put off Confusion,
 Waken from this dark delusion,
 Wake to Truth's enlight'ning ray.

C H O R U S.

Fame's Trumpet from afar
Glad tidings shall declare,
To distant lands proclaim
Proud Israel's rising name;
While her great God shall stand confest,
In Wisdom, Honour, Power, blest.

F I N I S.



A Desire of enjoying long life is generally prevalent among the human race. We are prone to dread the stroke of death more than the severest pangs that can afflict our nature. This desire is both natural and commendable; and an institution that tends to preserve the existence of the brave defenders of our country, and the promoters of its commerce and agriculture, may, it is humbly presumed, claim the countenance of a generous and benevolent nation.

The importance and utility of this institution to the publick, will be manifest to those who attend to the number of preservations and restorations; and the extensive private happiness of which it is productive, can be best estimated by the tender parent, the dutiful child, the fond husband, the affectionate wife, the faithful friend, and the sympathetic citizen of the world.

The SUCCESS attending the exertions of the HUMANE SOCIETY has been productive of great public utility, both by pointing out the practicability of restoring to life numbers in circumstances, which in former ages, *by incredulity, culpable inactivity, or injurious treatment*, were rendered *fatal*: and by exciting an uncommon degree of expedition and earnestness in all present, to give immediate help to persons in danger of drowning, by which *very many* lives are annually preserved;—bids fair farther, by engaging the attention of **INGENIOUS MEN** to a subject of that importance, to contribute to the improvement of Medical Science. It is now beyond a doubt, that many, who, *apparently dead*, have remained unassisted till they were *really so*, might have
D been

been fortunately rescued, had we been *better acquainted with the certain and uncertain signs of death, the causes which may suspend life without destroying it, and the most probable and powerful means of restoring animation.*

IN ORDER TO EXCITE AN EARNEST ATTENTION TO THE APPARENTLY DEAD; it may be proper to observe, that since the establishment of the HUMANE SOCIETY, MORE THAN TWO THIRDS of those, who a few years ago would have been interred as *inanimate corpes*, are now restored to their joyful relations and friends! Among these many are industrious heads of numerous families, who would have become a parochial charge, had not their valuable lives been thus preserved! Many were heedless infants, who had wandered from their parents, and, but for this institution, would never have returned! Others were Suicides, rushing into eternity in a state of mind the most unfit to appear before the tribunal of their Judge!

The REPORTS published for the years 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 17782, 1783, and 1784 *, give a circumstantial relation of the various extraordinary recoveries from apparent death; as well as a particular account of the various instances of *preservation* and *resuscitation* that have occurred since the establishment of the Humane Society in this kingdom.

THE DIRECTORS ARE EXTREMELY DESIROUS TO COMPLEAT THEIR PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS, BY APPOINTING MEDICAL ASSISTANTS AT THE DIFFERENT SEA PORTS, &c. &c. AND ALSO EXTENDING THEIR REWARDS TO VARIOUS KINDS OF APPARENT SUDDEN DEATH.

* DODSLEY, CADELL, &c.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND BENEFACTIONS

*For carrying on this national and benevolent design are received by
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London Coffee-House.

T E N G U I N E A S

Constitutes a *Director* for Life ; and

O N E G U I N E A

Per Annum, an *Annual Director*.

THE THIRD EDITION OF
AND
ADDRESSES
TO THE
KING AND PARLIAMENT
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
ON PRESERVING
THE LIVES OF THE INHABITANTS.
To which are now added
OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
GENERAL BILL OF MORTALITY.

By W. HAWES, M. D.

PHYSICIAN TO THE LONDON AND SURREY DISPENSARIES, REGISTER TO THE
HUMANE SOCIETY, AND READER OF LECTURES ON ANIMATION.

Death may usurp on Nature many Hours,
And yet the Fire of Life kindle again
The o'er-prest Spirits—

SHAKESPEARE.

